FASHION'S FANCIES.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER ABOUT WHAT TO WEAR.

Street Costumes—Wraps for the Opera—Ribbons and Their Uses—Dolmans and Shawls.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

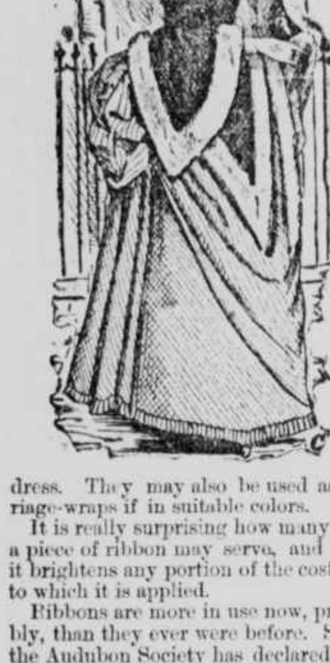
NEW YORK, January 15, 1887.

As I have remarked in previous letters, ladies have more liberty of choice in what they shall clothe themselves in for the street than ever before. The cover coats, coachman's coats, and jackets for the morning promenade are a feature of the season. Newmarkets are seen on every side, and raglans, mantles, and sacques of fur are worn by all ladies who enjoy their possession. At the same time, the dainty plush wraps—which are seen in many shapes and colors, and with various styles of garniture—are by far the prettiest contrivances for out-door wear known to the fickle goddess.

It is one of these stylish creations which is pictured below. This wrap is of seal plush, trimmed with natural lynx fur. The wide sleeves fall in deep points at the sides, while the front tabs are also pointed. The bonnet worn with it is a velvet capote, trimmed with picot ribbons, tied with velvet strings beneath the chin in a large bow, while the dress-skirt is in fined-striped woollen material, made quite plainly. The whole forms a street costume of considerable elegance, but perfect simplicity.

Wraps for the opera are in Sicilienne, in light-dove or fawn shades, beautifully brocaded in chenille and jet, and trimmed with darker feather-trimming. They are made in the customary form—two long tabs in front and cut short over the hips—and are lined throughout with quilted satin.

Opera cloaks are made of very rich materials, and so long that they entirely envelop the wearer, covering the



dress. They may also be used as carriage-wraps if in suitable colors.

It is really surprising how many uses a piece of ribbon may serve, and how it brightens any portion of the costume to which it is applied.

Ribbons are more in use now, probably, than they ever were before. Since the Audubon Society has declared that woman shall not practice the heathenish custom of adorning herself with "dead birds," and flowers being also denied her, she has resorted eagerly to ribbons for the decking out of her headgear, and has found it not at all a bad expedient.

Again, these narrow strips of velvet or satin form the most fashionable *lingerie;* and for enlivening and brightening the effect of any part of the dress, they are indispensable. Lastly, what so dainty as a little satin slipper, coquettishly tied witn a large bow of bright satin ribbon? Truly, the good offices of ribbon are legion.

Warm bed-clothing makes its virtues felt very sensibly during the cold weather, and blankets and counterpanes of considerable thickness are advisable. Very dainty lace bed-sets are shown, consisting of shams and spread, which render a bed presentable during the day, though scarcely serviceable at night. What are styled Dhawalaghiri blankets are shown also. They are very wide, and look comfortable.

Loose dominoes of silk in any of the light tints, such as heliotrope, pale blue, or gray, are worn during the morning hours by ladies who are accustomed to receiving occasional visitors during that portion of the day. These present a very pretty feature in the sleeves, which are square, falling almost to the knees, but inside them are close sleeves of lace, fitting to the arms.

Over a hundred years ago the men theatre-goers of Paris discovered that they could discern nothing whatever of what was in progress on the stage at any performance they attended on account of the immense height of the ladies' head-dresses. Therefore, following the usual habit of mankind when inconvenienced in any way, they grumbled, and their grumblings found vent through the Parisian press. Finally their complaints became so persistent and determined that the proprietor of the Comedie Française refused absolutely to allow a lady in the orchestra-stalls of his house, and his action was shortly afterward followed by several other managers. The custom survives in Paris to this day.

Now, of course our ladies are too well-bred to appear in the theatres without hats or bonnets; our men will not bear in silence a total deprivation of the delights of the theatre; but where is the man to devise so heroic and peremptory a remedy for the evil as that enforced by the manager of the Comedie Française?

A polonaise over-dress of dark plum-colored camel's hair appears upon a dress, whose lower skirt is in striped velvet. The velvet is in a dark-purple shade, with lavender stripes running through it, and the sides of the polonaise are looped to expose it. This costume is intended for afternoon wear at home. Cloth polonaises trimmed with fur are very pleasing, and give a good effect.

Shawls, strange as it may seem, are once more in popular favor.

Crape shawls for evening wear, hand-embroidered in elaborate designs, are considered quite proper just now, and, indeed, a covering of this kind is decidedly a wise idea, where a handsome dress is worn beneath, as it does not crush or rumple it, as heavier wraps are apt to do. Cashmere shawls of very fine quality and camel's hair are also quite popular.

Dotted and striped silk plastrons are the latest conceits. They give a dress a rather bright appearance, but should not be worn on house costumes.

C. H. M.

Arduous Duties of a Queen.

[St. James Gazette.]

The Queen Regent of Spain is probably the most overworked woman in her dominions. She rises at 7, and as soon as she has made her toilet she sends for her little son and the members of the royal family, and spends an hour or so with them. At 9 she attends to her household affairs, goes over her accounts, gives her orders for the day, reads her letters, glances through the newspapers, and is ready by 10 or a little after to receive the report of the captain-general of the garrison. He is succeeded by the Prime Minister, who has a long interview with the Queen on affairs of State every day but Monday, when she presides at a Cabinet council instead. At 12 o'clock the royal family sit down to *dejeuner*, at which meal the little King always assists—though only as a spectator, of course. At 2 one of the Ministers presents himself, with the decrees and State papers of different kinds which await her signature. Twice a week she holds a levee, and it is rarely over before 6. The other days she takes a drive without an escort or any other show of State. After dinner the royal party amuse themselves with cards, or talk literature and art with Count Morphy, who is an accomplished musician, and at 12 the Queen retires to seek the rest to which she is so well entitled after her fatiguing day's work.

Unwritten Music.

[Paul Pastnor in the Boston Musical.]

The beginnings of music, as of every art, are to be sought in nature. Unwritten music came before written music; the bird-song before the *roulade;* the wail of the wind in the forest before the dirge; the "innumerable voices" and the silvery tinkle of the woodland brook before man's first imitative attempts at melody. Even in the present high development of the art of music we may still trace these simple, intuitive beginnings. That music is considered the finest and truest which suggests nature, which affects us as do the voices of nature. So, too, the highest form of reproductive art, of whatever kind, is to imitate the sights and sounds, the physical impressions we get from nature, with a fidelity which makes them seem real. In fact, we refer art to nature as the soundest method of criticism. We recognize the fact that art, no matter how highly developed, has its beginnings in the natural, visible world about us.

The study of this unwritten music—this music in nature to which I have referred—is one of the most fascinating of employments. It leads one to make most charming discoveries, to trace out relations between the expressed and the unexpressed which else were never dreamed of. To take a simple instance: I have found the beginnings—the key-notes, if you choose, sometimes an entire bar—of several of the most beautiful of our standard operatic airs *in the songs of birds.* There is one bird (I am not naturalist enough to name it) which sings so many notes of a certain popular air that I am irresistibly impelled whenever I hear it to whistle out the measure. This bird is a shy haunter of moist, tangled cover, and I have never been able to approach near enough to make out its plumage or its shape. But it is by no means the only bird whose song suggests some musical passage. The robin has a song which it sometimes sings in the deep woods, or away, at least, from dwellings and the bustle of the busy world, that is extremely musical, and which, I am sure, must somewhere have been reproduced in composition, though I have not yet been able to identify it.

The music of nature is, of course, merely fragmentary, rudimentary. It suggests, but does not satisfy. The meaning of the wind in the trees is not a dirge, but it suggests a dirge. It has the inspiration of funeral music in it. The melodies of nature are at best Æolian, incoherent, and broken; but it is from them that the truly poetic composer gets his ideas. And the nearer he approaches these very melodies in the fidelity of his reproduction, while solving and completing them, the more will his music stir the hearts and rouse the imaginations of men.

The ear, with a little practice and by means of a habit of attention, can readily detect music in nearly all the pleasant sounds of nature. The splash of the waves on a rocky beach, the noises of the stirring leaves, the chorus from the pools and fields in summer evenings, the repeated cries of all the animate creation—these, and a thousand other sounds and murmurs, are full of unwritten music. We live and move in a vast auditorium, where God's musicians are always playing to us, if we will but listen. Our greatest composers are our best listeners.

[We have often noted with interest phases in musical compositions identical with the songs of birds, and have often been in doubt whether or not the composers knowingly took them from these songsters of nature. For instance, the theme (if we may so call it) of one of the most beautiful arias in Faust has been sung from time immemorial by the wood-robin. The curlew had whistled "Old Dan Tucker" over the waters of our coast for centuries before the "pale face" put foot upon this continent; while the partridge or quail at certain seasons of the year whistled a familiar bugle-call long before the "sounding brass" called men to arms. There are many other examples, all full of interest to the acute and attentive musical ear.]

A Pretty Steady Diet.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Talking about things to eat," said a passenger from the East, "let me tell you of an experience I had once. Five or six years ago I took passage on a clipper-ship from Baltimore to Bremen. I was the only passenger, and of course had to dine with the captain and the mate. The fare at first was simple but endurable. The third day out the captain called the cook in. 'Cook,' said he, with an oath, 'why haven't you had any Irish stews?' 'Cause I didn't know you wanted 'em,' replied the cook. 'But I do want 'em,' the captain went on, with another oath; 'and I'm going to have 'em. I want an Irish stew on the table every meal the rest of this voyage—d'ye hear? Irish stew every meal.'

"And Irish stew it was. We had stew for breakfast, for dinner, for supper. For a day or two it was well enough. At the end of a week I was tired of stew. At the end of two weeks I loathed it. At the end of the third week the very sight of it gagged me. Once I ventured to hint to the captain that I would like a change, but the cursing I got—he was a terrible man—silenced me forever. It was Irish stew all the way from Baltimore to Bremen—thirty-five days in all. Some days I went without food; some days I managed to choke down a mouthful or two of it. By going by sailing vessel instead of passenger steamer I saved $50 on the passage, but when I arrived in Bremen I weighed twenty-nine pounds less than when I left Baltimore. I have never tasted Irish stew since, and never will again."

A Parrot Causes a Law-Suit.

[Norristown Herald.]

There is a suit now pending in the courts of Montgomery county which had a rather singular origin. The parties live in the upper end of the county, and the plaintiff, having sold some goods to the defendant, went to the house of the latter to collect the bill. The two men sat in one room, and in the adjoining room were the wife of the defendant and a pet parrot. The men disputed over the bill, became angry, and raised their voices. The parrot hearing the noise became excited, and cried: "Kick him out! kick him out! kick him out!" The plaintiff did not know that there was such a bird about and thought it was the wife of the defendant who advised an assault and battery on him. He sprang up in a rage, declared that he would go without waiting to be kicked, and was on the way to the office of a justice of the peace before any explanation could be offered. The suit was promptly brought, and comes into court on appeal.

MINISTER AND SOLDIER.

Queer Occurrence on a Train—The Trouble Amicably Settled.

A Buffalo dispatch to the New York *Sun* relates the following:

Wednesday was printed an account of an encounter on a Niagara-Falls train between the Rev. Oliver J. Booth, rector of the Church of the Ascension of this city, and a stranger whose name was said to be Smythe. This afternoon it was learned that the preacher's assailant was General William Sooy Smith, the hero of the cavalry charge on Mobile, and now a civil engineer and contractor. It appears that General Smith, who is now over fifty-five years of age, was married for the third time to Miss Josie Hartwell, of St. Catherines. She is only thirty years old, and is a beautiful blonde, who had long been the belle of St. Catherines. She has blue eyes and light hair, is of medium height, and has a fine physique. The General met her on a western trip, and it was a case of love at first sight. The Rev. Mr. Booth married them. He had been until two years ago the rector of St. Thomas's church in St. Catherines, having gone there five years before from Montreal. There he had been a bank clerk before taking holy orders. At St. Catherines he married Miss St. John, whose father is wealthy. The Hartwell and St. John families have long been intimate.

A few weeks ago General Smith's wife went home to visit her mother, and at Christmas-tide Mr. Booth also went to St. Catherines. General Smith's friends say that he was jealous of his beautiful wife, and that her former admirers took occasion to make him unhappy by sending him letters in which unkindly words were said about her conduct. The trouble on the train is ascribed to one of these letters, which said that Mr. Booth was too friendly to Mrs. Smith, and that he was going over to see her. The General found the clergyman on the train, and accused him of attempting to interfere with his domestic affairs. This led to an indignant denial, and was followed by an excited conversation. General Smith took Dr. Booth by the throat, when William O'Donnell, the brakeman, interfered. Edmund Wheeler, a friend of the rector, also aided in restoring peace, and there was no further violence until after Mr. Wheeler left the train at Niagara Falls. Then the discussion was resumed, and, according to the brakeman, General Smith drew his revolver while the train was at Suspension bridge. O'Donnell took the weapon away.

General Smith and the rector went to the Western Hotel, where they obtained a room, in which they had a long talk. Engineer Sackett, of the Erie railroad, who was an occupant of the next room, was an unwilling listener to some of the conversation. The General accused Mr. Booth of kissing his wife, and said he had documentary evidence of the truth of his allegation. The minister denied it, and evidently satisfied General Smith that he was innocent, for they went together to St. Catherines to see their wives.

Mr. Booth came to Buffalo last evening. He was seen by the *Sun* reporter and asked about the occurrence. At first he said that nothing of the kind had happened, but afterwards he said that the affair was due to a misunderstanding. The attack was entirely unprovoked, he said, and there was no ground for the accusation that he had been intimate with Mrs. Smith. The matter had been amicably adjusted, and he would only authorize that statement without using his name.

General Smith was seen at St. Catherines this afternoon. He did not deny that there was trouble on the train, but refused to talk about the cause. He and his wife will return to New York together. They attended a concert at St. Thomas church with the Booth family on the night after the episode on the train. Friends of the family are indignant that publicity is given to the case. The *Sun's* dispatch was reprinted by the St. Catherines *Journal* this afternoon, and the office was quickly crowded with persons eager to read it. William Carlisle, a dry-goods merchant of St. Catherines, was on the train, but he was cautioned about telling what he saw. Enough was known, however, to excite curiosity.

E. V. Hartwell, General Smith's brother-in-law, who lives with him at No. 640 Madison avenue, hadn't heard of the General's adventure, and expressed incredulity about it last night. He received a letter from General Smith yesterday, but it contained no reference to any such occurrence. Mr. Hartwell got a telegram yesterday, stating that General Smith would be in town to-morrow. He went to St. Catherines with his wife a fortnight ago to spend the holidays with relatives.

HOW ROYALTY EATS.

Some of the Fashions of the Courts—Where Perfect Dinners are Served.

A correspondent writes: The strict ceremonial of the dinners of Queen Victoria has not changed since her assumption of the throne. A quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the repast—generally 8 o'clock—all the party invited to dine with the Queen meet in the grand saloon and form themselves into a half circle about the door where she is expected to enter. The Queen, on entering, makes beautiful courtesy (for which she is renowned), then bows to the gentlemen and gives her hand to the ladies, who courtesy deeply. She then goes in first to table, accompanied generally by one of her sons. If any imperial or royal person is present he sits at her right hand. But even in the case of General Grant she placed the Princess Beatrice between them. The Queen never removes her gloves during dinner, except at state banquets. This is a singular piece of etiquette, and one would think it would be exactly the reverse. Her gloves are new, of white kid embroidered with black, never worn but once, and become after using the perquisites of the ladies-in-waiting. The Queen has a small and beautiful hand.

As soon as she finished a certain "plat" every one else stops eating of it, as when she finishes her fish every one else stops eating fish, etc. After she has spoken to her guests on either side conversation may become general, but in a subdued tone, always deferring to the sovereign. Sir Arthur Helps, who was her private secretary, used to tell an amusing anecdote of being snubbed by her for telling a rather funny story down the table, amongst the ladies-in-waiting, to relieve the monotony of a dreary dinner, when the Queen remarked: "What is it? We are not amused." She has, however, a love of fun, and sometimes laughs heartily.

The dinners at the Quirinal are far more simple as to etiquette. The same formality is observed in the entrance of the King and Queen, but the conversation is more general and the Queen does not wear her gloves. She converses in English fluently. The King only speaks Italian and French, so the conversation is generally in these two languages. French, of course, is supposed to be a universal language.

The dinners of Germany are not long, but they are formal and tedious, and the cooking does not commend itself to all tastes.

The perfection of a dinner is found in London, generally at the houses of ambassadors, who combine the excellences of all nations with the follies of none. After asking the consent of ladies present, the Italian and Turkish embassies allow the smoking of cigarettes between the salad and dessert. This fashion prevails in France and Russia, ladies smoking quite as freely as men. The dinners of the Czar and the richer Russian princes are models of their kind. It was the Russians who invented the idea of serving the dishes all from the outside; hence a service *a la Russe*, which prevents the tablecloth from being smeared with gravy and other greasy substances. The choice porcelain and glass, the gold and silver, beautiful ornaments—these are the wonder of all travellers who visit Russia.

COWBOY HOSPITALITY.

The Free and Easy Style of Living on the Plains.

[W. T. Hornaday, in The Cosmopolitan.]

One hot afternoon, as we were approaching Big Dry creek, a cowboy suddenly rode in sight on the crest of a ridge, and came down the slope toward us at a swinging gallop. He sat as erect as a bronze statue, and had he been lashed to his horse like another Mazeppa he could not have sat more perfectly motionless in his saddle. Instinctively we straightened up our tired shoulders and sat erect also. Evidently he wanted to speak to us. So we rode forward to meet him, wondering the while whether his manner would be agreeable or irritating.

After we had civilly exchanged how-do-you-dos, he inquired if we had seen any horses since morning. He had lost some, and up to that time, 2 o'clock, had ridden about twenty-five miles in search of them. No, we had not seen any horses. So we fell to asking questions about trails, creeks, and water-holes. We were getting a deal of information, when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Looky here, fellers! The best thing you can do is to pull on to our ranch and put up for awhile. It's only twelve miles from here. Take the trail that turns off to the left, about three miles ahead. You won't find anybody at home—the boys are all off on the round-up, you know—but just go right in and make yourselves at home."

"Isn't the door locked?"

"Thunder, no! We never lock doors in this country. Somebody might come along hungry and want to get in to get some grub, or stay all night. If a cowboy wanted to get in, and found the door locked, he'd just simply break it down."

"Aren't you afraid of thieves?"

"Oh, no; nothing is ever stolen. A man's upon his honor, you know; and besides, if a feller'd ever really steal anything out of a shack, the country'd soon be too hot to hold him. Anybody that comes to a shack hungry is expected to go in and get a square meal, and stay all night if he wants to."

"Isn't that privilege often abused?"

"No, hardly ever. Say, you'll find a cow up at the ranch, and you can milk her if you want to. There are plenty of eggs about the stable. If you want 'em go for 'em. Just make yourselves at home, and stay as long as you like. I'll be glad to have yer company."

A few more remarks were exchanged, and then our cowboy gathered up his reins and said:

"Well, I've got to finish my circuit, twenty miles more, I reckon; so I must be moving. So long. I'll see you at the ranch about sundown."

And flinging the last remark over his shoulder at us his pony galloped rapidly away; a moment later he rode over the ridge and disappeared.

Reported Cure for Leprosy.

The Catholic Missions, a German monthly publication, publishes a letter from Father Damian, the missionary priest in the leprosy settlement at Molokai, which contains the following passage:

For about twenty years our most distinguished physicians tried every possible means to master this dreadful disease; but all their efforts failed to check the spread of the distemper. About three years ago a white man was seized with leprosy. Being very wealthy he preferred to go to Japan rather than to submit to a lifelong exile in Molokai. In Japan he continued for two years a course of hydropathic treatment under Dr. Goto. He returned hither, accompanied by a son of Dr. Goto, with every appearance of a perfect cure. About the end of last year the Health Committee resolved to introduce, under the supervision of Dr. Goto, the Japanese treatment into the leper hospital, which is in the charge of Franciscan Sisters at Kakaako, near Honolulu. Already then I felt inclined to go to Honolulu to consult Dr. Goto about the disease, which had already made havoc with one of my ears. At this time, however, my superiors did not consider the step advisable. Last July, however, I had occasion to personally satisfy myself of the success which had attended the treatment in question in the hospital of the Sisters at Kakaako, and to carefully observe its method, which consists in this: Every day the leper has to take two baths in hot water in which a certain quantity of Japanese medicine has been dissolved. After every meal he has to take a small pill, and an hour later an ounce of tea prepared from the bark of a Japanese tree. This is the whole treatment. Both young Dr. Goto and the white patient, of whom I made mention above, have assured me that in Japan many a leper has been completely cured by this treatment. Whatever truth there be in this statement, I must own that the improvement during these six month in the condition of many lepers, whose illness was already in a very developed state, has been simply marvellous. I think myself, therefore, justified in seeing in this treatment a glimmer of hope for our poor outcast lepers of Molokai. King Kalakaua and his prime minister honored me with a visit during my short stay at Kakaako, near Honolulu. They told me it was their intention to introduce the same system of treatment in our great leper settlement. I look forward with satisfaction to the day on which we shall receive a steam boiler which may heat about fifteen bath-tubs at the same time. For a few weeks I have undergone the treatment in question. At the same time I commenced the treatment with about forty to fifty of my orphan children. We have already derived some benefit from it. My work seems lighter and my strength is returning. Last Sunday, for instance, I said two masses and preached during each without being obliged to sit down and without feeling particularly wearied.